

Life and Death of a Palm Tree

At a certain point in my life, I discover that to truly love is to make no sound, watching what exists without my presence. The attempt to control the world is pointless. I would rather no one depends on my hands, or even my language: more so because my third person only speaks English, my first Portuguese.

I have a responsible, overly unbearable loneliness, which is found in the writing of something as a way out. I can't add like a mathematician or understand logic as a physicist. My hidden reality is in praying the immaterial rosary of anguish. At first sight, I pretend to be classified by even and odd denominations, owner of unhappy, succumbed fingers. For almost an entire life, I'm incapable in the *pater familias*: excessive neglect by numbers.

My urgency to whisper sacramental stories to you (a past of women who deforested themselves just to collect shivers of improper life) is a longing to become less entangled in excessive thoughts. Without needing to confess every green agave caress in its liquid, sharp sensuality of tongues. Seeking the erotic release by the unsettling power of a word: in what lack measurements, cyphers or scales. Kissing the destiny with fleshly lips. Biting the cartesian triangle in its endless pieces until extracting the elixir of the heart: life and death of a palm tree.